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TABLE OF CONTENTS

I LIKE HER—A LOT!	1
Eunice Gore	
CORRUPTION AND EFFICIENCY IN MACHINE-POLITICS	4
George R. Clark	
MAY THE EAST WIND NEVER BLOW	11
Lucy Cundiff	
I'M GOING TO BE A CHEMIST	12
Blossom Zeidman	
WOMEN IN CHEMISTRY	15
Mary E. Smashey	
PAGE 213	16
Bennett Sherman	
THE CORSICAN AND THE HOUSE-PAINTER	17
Doris Eleanor Scott	
IN DEFENSE OF RHETORIC THEMES	19
Sheldon Leavitt	
"STRANGE FRUIT"	20
Harold Sussman	
THE SPANISH SPORT	21
William Preston Albaugh	
LET'S WIN BACK LATIN-AMERICA	25
Paul Youle	
THE PROBLEMS OF A CUSTOMER	27
Richard A. Roberts	
SENSELESS ART	28
Buell Dwight Huggins	
"THE GREEN PASTURES" by Marc Connelly	31
Edward Holmgren	
RHET AS WRIT	32
(Material written in Rhetoric I and II)	



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I Like Her—A Lot!

EUNICE GORE

General Division I, Theme 18, 1940-1941

I wasn't that my mother minded my coming. By all means not! But my three brothers, ages one to four, all had the measles, and my father, the biggest baby, had just been put to bed with his second case of measles. All in all, I don't suppose I picked a very opportune time, but nevertheless I decided to be born.

My coming was very typical of the life I lead now that I am here. My whole life has been surrounded by four boys (including Father) and Mom, who is forever giving us nasty pills to swallow, but who always has a piece of chocolate ready in the other hand. We live what I always took to be a normal life. We dislike having company because then we can't tell dirty jokes at the table; we cried like babies when my oldest brother got married; Mom is forever telling Father he must put on a white shirt; my youngest brother is the best-looking and most conceited boy I have ever known; Mom still can't comb her own hair; we have lived in a ten-room house for the past eighteen years; I have never been refused anything in my life; we are all good at music; Father owns a book-binding factory; we never know what to get Mom or Father for their anniversary and inevitably buy something useless; Jerry has made a five-point for the past two years; Father is an atheist; my family insists on calling me "Sister"; my brothers are all over six feet and I am exactly five; neither Mom nor Father ever got past high school—Al graduated from Northwestern two years ago—Jerry graduates from Illinois this spring—Mel will be a lawyer in two years—I'm still here.

It was only when I came into contact with so many new people here at college that I discovered that I and my family and our way of life were not normal; my new friends called us "original." To my further astonishment I found this was meant to be a compliment—and who was I to discourage them? It seems that I am a rare bird, because—I enjoy talking to my history teacher; I continually cut my hair; I bring negroes into the house; I ask boys to take me for a walk; I don't give a damn what people think of me; I swear like a street-girl; I never used lip-stick until I came to college; I never hesitate to say what is on my mind; I have a scar between my eyes; I despise high heels; I wake up each morning at six-thirty; I play Bach well; my hair is naturally curly; I take a shower every morning; I answer my mail promptly; I've been going steady for the past five years; one Sunday afternoon I refused a date and went to an organ recital instead. Now that just shows you; I can't possibly be normal.

.

"How can you tell whether the baby is a boy or a girl?" I asked this bright question at the age of four, and I haven't lowered my voice at the end of a sentence yet. I have always allowed my curiosity to go where it will. After all, what fun would there be in life if you couldn't at least ask "why?" Why does the moon follow us? Why do mosquitoes bite? Why does minus one, plus minus one, equal plus two? Why does Hitler win? Why do boys want to kiss girls? Why do voices come over the air? Why do cocoons turn into butterflies? Why

was Roosevelt elected? Why do I believe in God? Why haven't I a date for Saturday night?

I have asked many questions, silently of myself, openly of others. Some have been answered, but very few to my satisfaction. I will continue to ask questions because questions are all I can think of. I will continue to ask questions until my curiosity has been satisfied. When that day comes, I hope the good Lord has sense enough to take me from this earth.

.

Ever since the time we were babies, if my brothers wanted anything, they always had me ask for it. They knew that neither my father nor mother would refuse me anything. It's not that my parents love me more than they love my brothers. It's just that they couldn't pamper my brothers; they grew up too fast; they left home too soon; they became independent. My parents decided that I was to be the spoiled, petted child; I was to have anything my heart desired. I have never been disappointed. I have been brought up with the belief that my slightest wish was their command. It is all summed up in something my grandmother always said to me: "Du bist ein heilig kind." You are a sacred child. I was treated as such all my life. I find it very hard to have it otherwise.

.

"Sis, that's one thing I like about you. You're not a lady." So think my brothers. They are, unfortunately, the only ones who feel that way. It seems that one of my worst faults is that I insist upon doing everything that will mark me as unladylike. Only the other day I was reprimanded for sitting on the floor while listening to a concert. A tall man dressed in a dark suit informed me that there were plenty of seats available. I sat on a chair until he left. It's not that

I don't know how to be a lady. When I remember and try, I do a very good imitation, but when I'm perfectly natural I'm forever being reminded to act my age and be a lady. And so I try, but it's very hard. I still can't see why I have to wear shoes in the summer time, when all I walk on is dirt. I know it's proper to say "How do you do" to the chaperons, but they always look stuffy and uninterested. I've been told, I don't know how many times, to keep my elbows off the table, but they get tired in my lap. I know it's wrong to swear at a boy when he steps on my foot while dancing, but when he does it all evening—well, there's a limit. I know I do the wrong things a lot of times. I try so hard to be a lady, but damn it, it's very dull.

.

I remember my grandmother praying. She would place a white shawl about her head, look out the window a second, light the candles, and with her hands over the flames say, "Boruch atch adoshem, elohanu meloch hoelum." She would finish her prayer, look at me and smile. "Gott, mein kind, Gott." God, my child, God.

I can see my father at Rosh Hashonu, buying the family a block of tickets for the holiday services. The rabbi would ask him whether he would be at the services also. "Hell, no," he would say, and laugh loudly.

My grandmother was the wife of a rabbi; my father was a believer only in himself. They let me decide for myself.

They sent me to a Hebrew grade school; they sent me to an ultra-modern, painless Sunday School; they sent me to hear Dr. Preston Bradley. None of these made much difference to me. I didn't know. I didn't care.

A month before my grandmother died, she lost her memory. Someone who

understood Yiddish had to be near her at the hospital all the time. They gave the job to me. Grandmother didn't have much to say to me, but she talked constantly. She talked to God. I can't get those four weeks out of my mind. She wasn't begging for a miracle; she wasn't asking the magician for favors. She was simply talking to someone she knew very well, to someone she had trusted and loved all her life. She was talking to God.

I sat for hours at a time, half-listening to her mumbling. There must be something to this God, I thought. There must be, if a woman can spend her whole life believing in what my father said was the bunk. I started to believe in God. I began to have faith.

The day they buried my grandmother was fresh with spring. As they lowered the white casket into the earth, it seemed as if it must be true.

. . . .

I like boys. They are the only class of the vertebrates I can talk to except dogs; they are the only humans that will listen to me except my mother. Not boys just to sit and hold my hand (I have one of those, too), but boys as friends, companions—someone to go for a walk with on Saturday morning; someone to listen to the symphony with; someone to miss me when I'm not there; someone to talk to when I have something to say; someone to take me swimming; someone I can telephone without his thinking I'm chasing him; someone I can eat supper with on Sunday night, paying my own way; someone to ask me what I think about a book; someone I can confide in; someone to whom I can speak as I please; someone who thinks I'm more than a date; someone who'll trust me and ask my opinion; someone who says when he hears my name, "Euni? Sure I know

Euni. She's my friend." This is the kind of boy I like. This is the only kind of boy I care about.

. . . .

GIRLS—FOO!

They say you're awful if you kiss him twice.
They say you're a prude if you don't.
They say you're a crock if you don't go out,
They say you're loose if you do.
They wear your stockings and return them unwashed,
They wear your clothes without permission.
They don't like to walk because it hurts their feet,
They don't like to talk because they've nothing to talk about.
They never eat bread, just two pieces of pie,
They're forever borrowing your nail polish.
They judge your conquests by the number of bids,
They always wear tight yellow sweaters.
They spout secrets as if they were seeds of an orange,
They gossip day after day.
Now don't get me wrong,
It's just that I don't like girls.

. . . .

A piggy bank without pennies is an empty, hollow thing. Only until it is being fed copper is its full usefulness and importance felt and known. That is how I am about music. I exist without music; my body flourishes as well as usual, but the hollow, empty feeling needs to be filled.

My whole life has been surrounded by music. My mother always sang while peeling potatoes or baking a cake; we were awakened each morning by Father's deep voice singing a Russian love song or *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*; we each started the piano at the age of ten, and at twelve we were allowed to choose any other instrument we wished; each afternoon, from three to five, was spent in practicing or listening to the flute, clarinet, and saxophone going at the same time. To this day we must perform for company, the four of us—Al, Mel, Jerry, and I—all chiming in on *The Golden Wedding*, the only thing we can play together that people ever recognize. We

always tune in the opera and symphony on Saturdays and Sundays. We have passed many rainy evenings in the country by a continual concert, either of records or of our own interpretations of the masters.

Music to me has come to mean that part of life which is the happiest. Chopin's *Polonaise* always means a spring Sunday morning, with my brother playing, his mouth stuffed with waffle; Mozart's fortieth symphony—Mom and Father's anniversary, and tears in their

eyes as we dedicate the newly learned symphony to them; Mom and Father dancing to Strauss waltzes; all six of us piling into the car and celebrating Thanksgiving by hearing Jascha Heifitz.

Eunice Gore? Well, I think she's a rather nice kid. She has her faults, but then so does everyone else; she has her good points. She laughs at off-colored jokes; she cried during *Gone with the Wind*. I guess she's ordinary, run-of-the-mill . . . I guess I'm prejudiced, because I like her . . . a lot!

Corruption and Efficiency in Machine-Politics

GEORGE R. CLARK

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1940-1941

THE year 1931 brought more than breadlines, bank failures, and bankruptcies to the citizens of Chicago—it brought them a new mayor, Anton J. Cermak. The uninformed person might well ask, "What is so spectacular about that?" The answer was not very clear in 1931, but three years later it was becoming more and more apparent as each day sped on. Now, in 1941, the answer is known to thousands of people all over the United States: the election of Mayor Cermak was the cornerstone in the building of one of the world's most astute and efficient political organizations—the Kelly-Nash machine. In looking back over the long road the machine has traveled since that first triumph, we are able to see vividly the reasons why it now exists. Perhaps reform movements would achieve a great deal more if they followed some of the basic principles exemplified by the machine. Let us look into the history of the political rulers of the second largest city in the Western Hemisphere and see how master crafts-

men have constructed a master machine.

Anton J. Cermak, known to both friend and foe as "Tony," did not become mayor through any surprise uprising of the Democratic party. On the contrary, he started in local politics at the very bottom and moved upward, organizing as he went, from precinct captain to state assemblyman, chief bailiff of the Municipal Court, alderman (twenty-second ward), president of the Cook County Board, and finally, mayor. In addition to holding these positions, Cermak also included real estate and banking among his occupations. From this glimpse at his career we can easily see that Cermak must have possessed many special qualities of leadership and a decided flair for organizing. From 1915 until 1931, "Big Bill" Thompson and the Republicans had control of Chicago, but Cermak won for himself the title of the "master politician" by wresting the rule of Cook County from them and establishing himself as president of the Cook County Board, an office often considered

the mayorship of Cook County. Before Cermak's rise to this position, the Democrats' power in city politics was being weakened by internal dissension centered chiefly upon the all-important race question.¹ The Irish dominated the Democratic ward organizations and naturally named Irishmen to all important posts. The flaw lay in expecting Jews, Bohemians, Swedes, Poles, Dutchmen, and Italians to vote for them²—something that these “unprivileged races had no intention of doing.” Cermak broadened the sphere of Democratic control in Chicago by enlisting the support of a large number of races who previously had only known what it was to be governed without enjoying the satisfaction of governing.”³ This enlisting of all races was of tremendous importance, as sixty per cent of Chicago's population is either foreign born or of first or second generation foreign extraction: 433,000 Germans; 220,000 Scandinavians; 194,000 Irish; 182,000 Italians; 170,000 Russian Jews; 122,000 Czechs; and 108,000 English; plus a sizable number of Lithuanians, Yugoslavs, Hungarians, non-Russian Jews, Greeks, Rumanians, Hollanders, Mexicans, Persians, French, Swiss, Belgians, Luxemburgers, Finns, Filipinos, Chinese, Latvians, and Japanese.⁴ Add to these the racial unit of the Negroes, of which there are 234,000. Cermak's new system of handling the racial problem was summed up by “Big Bill” Thompson when he quipped, “It used to be Tinkers to Evers to Chance and the Giants were out; now it's Cermak to Szymczak (city comptroller) to Zintak (clerk of county court) and the Irish are out.”⁵

In 1931 Cermak inherited from his defeated opponent, Thompson, a municipal government that seemed to be on the verge of a complete financial breakdown.

The taxpayers owed the city \$240,000,000 in taxes, wages for school teachers were six months in arrears, and banks were crashing on all sides.⁶ Better Government leagues took one long look at Thompson's cabinet of advisors during his last term as mayor and were almost stunned into passivity. Their reaction seems justified when one recalls that the Corporation Counsel was Sam Ettelson, former Insull attorney; and the City Sealer was Dan Serritella, “generally reputed to have been Al Capone's representative in the city administration.”⁷ Cermak pitched in with all his characteristic energy to bring order out of chaos. He cut the city's budget twenty-five per cent in 1932 and set about restoring the city's good name in financial circles.⁸

On February 16, 1933, a stray bullet wrote the first words in the last chapter of Anton J. Cermak's brilliant career as a politician and administrator. While chatting with President-elect Franklin Roosevelt, “Tony” was struck by a bullet intended for Roosevelt; and on March 6, after a remarkable struggle for life, the “master-politician” of Chicago passed away, leaving the mayor's chair and the party boss' position unoccupied.

Edward J. Kelly, the man who has succeeded Mayor Cermak, came up to the City Hall by a long, hard route. Identified with the Sanitary District of Chicago from 1894 until 1933, Kelly held down, at one time or another, every job in the service, working successively as

¹“Kelly-Nash Machine,” *Fortune*, 14 (Aug. 1936), 114.

²*Ibid.*

³*Ibid.*, 115.

⁴*Ibid.*

⁵W. H. Stuart, *The Twenty Incredible Years*, 497.

⁶C. W. Gilbert, “Czech Reign,” *Colliers*, 91 (Jan. 7, 1933), 21.

⁷V. O. Key, Jr., “The Unholy Alliance,” *Survey Graphic*, 23 (1934), 473 f.

⁸Gilbert, *op. cit.*

axman, rodman, computer, head inspector, levelman, instrument man, substitute assistant engineer, assistant engineer, assistant chief engineer, and chief engineer. This battle for success by a good-natured, hard-working Irishman was paralleled by his simultaneous advancement as a practical politician. As an illustration of the latter, Kelly was appointed South Park Board commissioner by Circuit Court in 1922 and was elected president of the Board in 1924; he served as commissioner until 1927 and as president until 1934.

As president of the South Park Board and chief engineer of the Sanitary District, Kelly earned a place of prominence among municipal officials for his many accomplishments, which include the building of Soldier Field, seating 100,000 people, the restoration and conversion of the Fine Arts Building into the well-known Rosenwald Museum of Science and Industry, and the improvement of Grant Park, which is located on reclaimed land on the shore of Lake Michigan. One of Kelly's most clever political moves during this period was the consolidating of all park districts, thus putting himself in charge of seventy miles of parks and boulevards.

In 1933, Edward Kelly was appointed mayor of Chicago, to serve out the unexpired term of Anton J. Cermak. His appointment was sponsored by Patrick A. Nash, Democratic National Committeeman and sewer contractor. Strange though it may seem, Nash's being a contractor probably had a great deal more to do with Kelly's selection than Nash's being the titular head of the party. While Kelly was chief engineer for the Sanitary District, Nash Brothers received \$8,000,000 in contracts, and Dowdle Brothers, Nash's nephews, received \$4,000,000 in contracts from the District.⁹ During this

same time the famous McCormick "bridle path" was built of cinders that the Sanitary District gave away, then purchased back from private contractors.¹⁰ Thus the selection of Kelly for mayor, a selection that the people themselves had no voice in, was to a greater or lesser degree the paying off of old obligations and at the same time securing a strong, politically acceptable man for the mayor's chair.

As soon as Mayor Kelly was firmly entrenched in his new position, his thoughts and actions were turned towards the mayoralty election of 1935. It was of vital importance to the standing of the Democrats in Illinois that Kelly be re-elected by an overwhelming popular vote, for President Roosevelt had not yet quite forgotten how Cermak and the Illinois delegation had fought for Al Smith at the National Convention in 1932.¹¹ There seems to be little doubt that the Chicago Democrats had to put on a good show in 1935 to prove to President Roosevelt that they were not only on his side but possessed a powerful vote-getting machine,¹² which could prove very useful in the impending 1936 presidential election. In preparing for the big show of 1935, Chicago's first "grade AAA" political machine was established. Before delving into the complex mechanism of the famous Kelly-Nash machine, it might be best, first, to consider briefly just what a "machine" is and what is its real objective. An excellent definition states that "a 'machine' is a group of men who obey the orders of a boss in return for political jobs, and prerequisites an organization that trades

⁹"Kelly-Nash Machine," *Fortune*, 14 (Aug. 1936), 125.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, 126.

¹¹W. H. Stuart, *op. cit.*, 494.

¹²"Kelly-Nash Machine," *Fortune*, 14 (Aug. 1936), 119 ff.

with other people's money for votes." The immediate objective of a machine is to *produce votes*, "the production of which are the condition of its survival."¹³

Like all other political machines, the Chicago model has in addition to the "boss"—Mayor Edward J. Kelly—men behind the scenes in key spots in the city's structure. First of all, credit must be given to the man who laid the foundation, Cermak. Then we have County Judge Edmund W. Jarecki, who insists that "less than ten per cent of Chicago's vote is fraudulent."¹⁴ His officials are the ones that permit the very helpful "less than ten per cent." We cannot forget Patrick A. Nash, whom we have mentioned before as having the most to do with Kelly's appointment—thus the name, Kelly-Nash machine. Of late, Jacob Arvey, twenty-fourth ward alderman, has been taking over a good deal of the aging Nash's work. Arvey is given credit for achieving a modern political miracle in the 1936 primary when he delivered his ward for Kelly and Bundensen against Horner. "This is a remarkable feat when one considers that Bundensen was born in Germany, Kelly is an Irishman, while the ward and Horner are both Jewish. It is even more remarkable when one realizes that primary day was on the Passover, when no orthodox Jew was supposed to mark paper."¹⁵ This is just an example of the almost unbelievable power and influence of a well-oiled machine, like the one now operating in Chicago.

It was stated above that the objective of a machine is to produce votes, the production of which is to win elections. The student of "practical" politics finds that a Chicago election is unsurpassed as an example of the steal, lie, cheat, buy, and smash type of election. Too often, however, the city's elections are con-

demned outright, and no examples or evidences of corruption are given. Let us examine the main discoveries of a study of Chicago elections made by a well-known magazine in 1936.¹⁶ The river wards (first, twentieth, twenty-seventh, twelfth) contain the city's worst slums. As Chicago is the largest railroad center in the world, thousands of bums drift in and out of the city, and during their stop-overs between "excursions" they live in the flop-houses, which can be found throughout the river wards. In return for the food and lodging furnished by the aldermen and ward committeemen, who own the "flops," these bums vote the party ticket on election days. The common procedure followed by the ward bosses is to send a group of bums to the polls at six o'clock in the morning. Eager to collect their "fifty cents and a shot of rye" they vote as citizens—although frequently they are registered from vacant lots or even under dead citizens' names.¹⁷

A tremendous number of votes for the machine always come from the job-holders and favor-seekers, who must, in order to preserve their own scalps, respect the wishes of the boss. In Chicago proper there are some 50,000 official job-holders; the Park Board has an added supply of 3,800 votes, the police department 7,000, and the fire department 3,000. Not to be overlooked are the 76,000 W. P. A. workers who can't afford to lose their income, or the countless tavern keepers who want to evade the one o'clock rule, or the 5,000 handbook operators, or the

¹³*Ibid.*, 46.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, 46 f.

¹⁵*Ibid.*, 120.

¹⁶*Ibid.* The facts concerning crooked elections in Chicago are taken from the article in *Fortune*.

¹⁷Because of the number of "ghosts" who vote in Chicago, its election days have been called Resurrection Days! See, for example, W. H. Stuart, *op. cit.*, 551 f.

3,000 professional prostitutes—all have a “must” share in the election of the machine candidate. In addition to these methods, there are what *Fortune* calls the “thirteen ways of getting the right answer from the ballot box”: intimidation and violence, outright purchase of legally registered voters, false registration, voting “illiterates,” manipulating the line, stuffing the box, weighing the ballot box (deciding before the election what the results *were* to be), cheating on the count, erasures, spilling the ballots, substituting a new tally sheet, substituting a new ballot box, and more indirect methods, such as controlling the clerks, judges, etc.

The 1935 mayoralty election employed all the tricks mentioned above, possibly more, and the results were highly pleasing to the machine. Mayor Kelly was “re-elected” with a smashing total of 798,150 votes—a majority of 543,853 over his “opposition,” Emil C. Wetten. This amazing success left President Roosevelt very favorably impressed, and the “big show” resulted in the White House’s stamp of approval on the “Roosevelt and Humanity” hook-up of later Chicago elections. “Now finally what had started with A. J. Cermak’s election in 1931 had been consummated. The Chicago Tammany was built in, apparently impregnably entrenched.”¹⁸

We have seen the various steps and methods used by Cermak and the others to bring into effective existence their powerful organization. After facing these cold facts, many people, not just Chicagoans, but people from every state in the Union, open their eyes in incredulous amazement and loudly deride the Kelly-Nash machine as being some strange, prehistoric monster. Asking themselves, “How can Chicago stand such filthy government?” they fail to realize that their

own municipal government, although probably on a smaller scale, is just as corrupt. “Political corruption is an inevitable, successful policy, and cities differ from one another according to age.”¹⁹ In other words, Chicago is worse than its critic’s home town only because it is larger and older in experience. “No one class is at fault, nor any breed, nor any particular interest or group or party. The misgovernment of the American people is misgovernment by the American people.”²⁰ In other words, Chicago alone is not to bear the scorn of our country’s citizens because of its boss rule; we are all more or less in the same position.

“We will admit that this corruption is almost universal,” our anti-Chicagoans say, “but surely the Kelly-Nash machine is the *most* corrupt, rotten political organization in the history of Chicago and the United States.” Well, as Al Smith once said, “Let’s look at the record.” Calling the present machine the worst in Chicago’s history, a favorite trick of the Republican party, seems a rather erroneous accusation when one recalls the regime of William Hale Thompson. This Republican boss plunged Chicago into actual bankruptcy,²¹ and it was the existing machine that pulled the city out of the mess in which it was left by the administration of “Big Bill” Thompson.²² And the only fair criterion for judging the present machine in respect to the organizations of other cities is to consider what it has done *for* and why it is accepted by the citizens of Chicago.

¹⁸W. H. Stuart, *op. cit.*, 554.

¹⁹Lincoln Steffens, *Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens*, 413.

²⁰*Ibid.*, 434.

²¹Dr. J. Lynch, “Boss Rule, a Challenge to American Cities,” *Literary Digest*, 117 (May 5, 1934), 11.

²²“The Heavy Cost of an Eight Dollar Pistol,” *Literary Digest*, 115 (Mar. 18, 1933), 26.

Of major importance is the fact that the powerful Democratic machine is headed by hard-working, hard-fighting Edward J. Kelly, who has done much for the city. In addition to his numerous accomplishments as chief engineer of the Sanitary District which have already been mentioned, Mayor Kelly's endeavors have carried him into other activities. He conceived and sponsors the annual "Chicago Homecoming" celebration, which brings thousands of potential customers back into the city's streets and stores; he organized Chicago's public health and welfare leaders into the Committee for Control and Eradication of Venereal Disease; he established the "Keep Chicago Safe" committee, whose activities have greatly reduced automobile fatalities and injuries in the city. Thus one sees that it isn't all take and no give with Mayor Kelly. In addition to having a popular, powerful leader, the machine has other sources of strength: it does not try to live off the poor alone, but receives most of its financial support from the moneyed classes; it does the best it can for a maximum number of citizens; Cermak and Kelly have, under the boss system, kept the city finances in good order; the machine keeps its hands off national business; it does not take sides in labor disputes; it has appointed an honest police commissioner—James P. Allman; the machine *keeps its word!*²³

In discussing political machines, we are led to consider a direct outgrowth of any kind of corrupt politics—the reform movement. There have always been idealists among us—men and women who are shocked at discovering the widespread domination of a machine. Banding together in the form of better government leagues or election watchers, they set out to clean up city politics. But it seems that they always either fail to

reform or actually become machines themselves. Why don't they succeed? Many theories have been advanced to explain the failure of reform, and the general conclusion leaves little hope for the future success of such movements. Too often big business men, who should be our leading citizens, have a good deal of their wealth tied up in firms or investments which require a friendly and lenient government to protect them and insure profits.²⁴ A reform movement might therefore, by upsetting the *status quo*, cause the business man financial trouble, and so he is inclined to back the machine against the reformer. Even if a "cleanup" group should overcome this opposition from wealthy citizens, it is by no means safe, for then it must tackle the crime situation. And the underworld powers, who have been receiving favors from the machine, do their best to discredit the new government at every opportunity. In attempting to secure an efficient system, therefore, the reformers are forced to make peace with the underworld²⁵—an action which the deposed machine immediately flings before the general public, who then begin to wonder if changing horses wasn't a mistake. In the midst of all this dissension and confusion the machine once more swings to the front, "stops" the crime

²³I am again indebted to the article in *Fortune* referred to previously in footnote 16.

²⁴W. H. Stuart, *op. cit.*, 585.

²⁵"No honest police force, unaided, can deal with crime," Lincoln Steffens concludes from his many years of investigating municipal government. The necessary aid, he finds, lies in a collaboration between the government and some lesser criminals—notably gamblers, prostitutes, and some saloon keepers. For the privilege of being allowed to operate, these criminals give the government clues to the solution of major crimes like robbery and murder. A government that refuses to compromise itself with this collaboration finds the solution of major crimes practically impossible, and public indignation and wrath soon follow a series of unsolved crimes. See Steffens, *op. cit.*, 387-391.

wave, and in a short while is again firmly entrenched in office.

The citizens of Chicago are well aware that their municipal government is not the best possible. They realize its corruptness. They know that they no longer elect city officials—but they also know that they are getting a much better deal than they ever got before. Gambling, crime, and prostitution continue, but these vices are as old as mankind itself, and, to my knowledge, no American municipal government has eradicated them. Yes, Chicago knows it's being bossed by a machine, but it is young and rich, strong and powerful, and it can afford to tolerate what amuses it or helps it.

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High School and College

High-school hygiene teachers insist upon your remembering that undulant fever is brucellosis and that the etiological agents are *brucilla melitensis*, *alkaligenes melitensis*, *alkaligenes abortus*, and *micrococcus melitensis*. Here in college, undulant fever is undulant fever and is contracted by drinking the milk of an infected cow. In high-school English, the students that write flowery themes are the "A" students. The more synonyms you can use and the more different names you use for the subject of your themes, the better grade you receive. In college, flowery phrases are labeled "trite" and you're supposed to call a spade a spade.—HELEN GORMAN

May the East Wind Never Blow

LUCY CUNDIFF

Rhetoric x1, Assignment 2, 1940-1941

YOU may have your Royal Coachmans, your Pflueger reels, your outboard motors! Give me a can of angleworms, a long bamboo pole, and a flat-bottomed boat. Give me a lazy summer day. And if there is some magic by which time can be turned backward, let Old Jay Brown be sitting in the stern of the boat talking quietly while our fishing lines drift in placid waters.

Fishing and Jay Brown are inseparable in my memory. He was my instructor in the art of fishing. He taught me how to bait hooks and make catches, and what is more important, he taught me those virtues of patience and introspection which should be a part of every fisherman's make-up.

When my brother Hugh and I were youngsters, Jay was to us what Captain John and Robin Hood are to other children. That much-used and often ill-used word *glamour* rightly describes what he meant to us. The magic in his person and in his way of life fascinated us more than that of the heroes of fiction. He had none of the outward aspects of a traditional hero. He was tall, stoop-shouldered, and gaunt. His square head was set like a chunk of cordwood on his long, thin neck. His hair, what little remained of it, formed a sparse, gray semi-circle around the bald crown of his head. He lived in a weatherbeaten shack on the edge of the river that bisected our little Wisconsin town. To my brother and me, his domestic arrangements were ideal. He had but to step out of his back door to be on the little dock to which his boat was moored. He shared his home and a considerable portion of his fishing

catches with Venus, his dog, an old hound with a lean, mournful face like a crumpled velvet pillow. She was lame with age, and asthmatic, but wherever Jay went she lumbered in his wake.

His most fascinating quality was his ability to "play games." He never seemed to us one of the grownups. He entered into our world, or took us with him into his. Getting into the boat to go fishing he would say to me, "Now, Lou, you just sit up there in the prow and pretend yer the Lily Maid." Many a long summer afternoon I dreamed myself Elaine, while Jay and Hugh brooded over idle fishpoles. Jay invested all of our make-believe with a quality of reality. When he was with us we didn't have to pretend we were Jim Hawkins and Alice in Wonderland at all. We *were* Jim Hawkins and Alice in Wonderland if Jay was there to say so.

One thing about Jay added a dash of daring to our association with him. He fished because he loved to fish, but he also fished to make a living—and broke the game laws freely. He ran setlines at night, and though the warden warned him often about the possibility of arrest, Jay went his way unperturbed. We didn't question his methods, but accepted them as a natural part of his existence. In an era when the children of fiction too often followed the Elsie Dinsmore and Horatio Alger patterns, Jay strode through our lives like a tattered but triumphant warrior.

If Jay had been a student of the scriptures, he could have taken as his motto, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." He asked nothing more of life

than that he be allowed to fish when he liked, to have Venus always with him, and to live by the river he loved so well.

The river was a living creature to Jay. He spoke of it in the familiar way in which people speak of kindred. "She" was "in a temper," or she was "gentle as a new lamb." She had "moaned all night," or she had "sung him to sleep." When the spring floods came he never moved out of his shack, though sometimes it seemed in peril of being carried off by the violence of the river. He talked of the rising waters half-disappointingly, half-proudly, as a parent speaks of a precocious but willful child.

In winter, though the river was ice-covered from bank to bank, it still provided him with his livelihood. He set traps for muskrats, and would tramp miles every day across the ice to the little muskrat houses which dotted the white expanse like small mounds of firewood. On the infrequent occasions when we visited him in wintertime, the air in his

shack was always strong with the odor of drying hides. He stretched them on pointed boards and hung them from the rafters. By late winter the blood-tinged skins were brown and smoke-stained, and the odor in the shack was so pungent that even Venus preferred lying in a sunwarmed spot on the dock to staying indoors.

It was in summer that Jay came into his own. The richness of his contentment was almost tangible. Sitting in his boat, with Venus at his feet, his fishpole lying across his lap, the smoke from his pipe curling upwards around his battered straw hat—this is the picture of him that I remember best. Judged by conventional standards, it is the picture of a failure; judged by the more sensible standard of a man's search for happiness, it is one of a memorable success.

I hope that now, when Jay goes fishing in celestial waters, Venus still lies at his feet, his pipe smoke still curls upward, and "the east wind never blows."

I'm Going to Be a Chemist

BLOSSOM ZEIDMAN

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1940-1941

I FELT sharp pains as if someone suddenly used my face and arm as a pin cushion. Simultaneously I heard glass crash on the floor and my high school chemistry laboratory partner scream. People moved very hurriedly behind me. I saw my instructor come toward me. He grabbed me by the nape of the neck, and held my face, partly turned upward, under water.

"Does your face burn?" he asked.

"Yes," I blubbered.

He picked up a dirty sponge that had

been used to wipe chemically stained equipment and dirty laboratory desks, and he repeatedly dabbed it on my face.

"My hair," I screamed, half-hysterically, "you're ruining my hair."

My instructor released me, and I stood up; I put my hand up in order to touch my face, but he pulled it away. "Don't touch an acid burn, it is—" He stopped, thrust his hand in his pocket, and brought out a small knife. With my hand clasped in his, he ripped the sleeve of my blouse—it was serving as a wick

for the acid. When I looked down at my arm, I was panic-stricken. Up its entire length spread raised, red marks, which were beginning to blister.

"Oh," I said, "what does my face look like?"

I needed no answer. The expression on everyone's face told me. I was too frightened and confused to cry. "What happened?" I asked.

Virginia, my laboratory partner, answered, "I spilled some concentrated sulfuric acid on my hand and it burned. I was excited, and instead of dropping the bottle, I threw it back. I guess the acid got on you." She was nearly in tears. "Oh, Bloss, I'm so sorry."

What could I say? It was done. Oh, I didn't want scars. I hesitatingly asked Mr. G——, my instructor, whether it would scar.

He didn't answer for a while, but busied himself by treating my face and arm with a first-aid preparation. "Diluting with water and applying this is the best anyone can do, and if you take care of it, you have every chance of recovering without a scar. It's just one of those things you have to watch out for, and contend with, in chemical laboratories."

But danger won't stop me. I'm going to be a chemist!

My knees nearly gave way when I walked into my first chemistry quiz class this semester. I was the only girl! Some of the boys smiled when they saw me; some nudged their friends; others coughed affectedly. I looked around for an empty place. I saw just one—right in the middle of the room. I went toward it. All the boys in the row stood up.

"The lady wants a seat," said the boy on the end.

"The lady wants a seat," the next boy repeated.

"The lady wants a seat," said each boy in turn as I passed in front of him to get to the empty seat.

As I sat down, my vocal cords somehow managed to put together a few syllables that sounded like "Thank you." All of the boys answered in unison, "Don't mention it. Anything for a lady!"

I did not dare take off my jacket for fear the boys would rip off my arm, trying to play the part of the perfect gentleman by helping me. I did not dare turn my head either way. All I felt was eyes. Thank God the instructor walked in soon after.

"Fellas," he said, without looking too closely at us, "this is Chem. 6, Section 64 A." He looked up, and I caught his eye. He smiled, a little embarrassingly, but did not bother to make a correction to include me in his address. "Be sure you are in the right place. Chem. 6 is for chemistry *majors*." I felt that that remark was directed at me. "It deals with the chemistry of metals," he continued, "and is not a pipe course." Was that another for me? Perhaps I was just supersensitive. "My name is Mr. H——." He stopped for a while and took up a pile of registration cards. He went through them, one by one, and called aloud, "Adams, Benson, Beller, Carson," and so on. After each name the owner looked up and in a low voice answered that he was present. Everyone turned in order to be able to connect a name with a face. "Simson, Smith, Thomas, Wells, Wilson, and—Miss Zeidman." From the back of the room someone gave the well-known horselaugh. My voice sounded unusually high as I answered.

But ribbing won't stop me. I'm going to be a chemist!

The jagged end of a piece of freshly broken glass-tubing cut deeply into my

finger. I jerked my hand back and then thrust it under a tap of running water. The blood flowed steadily, and the cooling comfort of the water seemed to have no effect. No one in the laboratory saw what had happened, and I didn't utter a cry. I took my hand out of the water, hoping that the blood had clotted, but immediately a small pool of blood gathered on my finger. I felt no physical pain—only shame. Why did all the petty accidents in chemistry laboratories happen to girls? I couldn't bring myself to tell Mr. H——, even though we had specific instructions to report any injury, no matter how small. I wrapped my clean handkerchief around my finger. In a short time it was soaked with blood. I was torn between two desires. Should I tell and suffer the shame, or should I let my finger bleed and perhaps suffer serious consequences? I finally convinced myself that I had no reason to be afraid and that accidents can happen to anyone. I went up to Mr. H—— when no boy was around. I did not say anything; I just held out my hand. He got the idea!

"Put your hand under the faucet; I'll get something to put on it."

He came back with a bottle which he took off the shelf. "This will clot your blood." He poured the contents, very generously, on my finger. I did not say anything. He did not say anything. My classmates came by, one by one, to get a bottle off the shelf near us, to replace a bottle, or to weigh some salt on the scale next to us. Each in turn looked at me in contemptuous silence. I wanted to crawl down the drain. The solution from the bottle colored my finger blue. I took advantage of that and broke the silence.

"Look, I am an aristocrat!"

Mr. H—— smiled. "You must have

been cut rather deep. I'll put a bandage on, and then I think the blood will stop."

As he wrapped an elaborate bandage around my finger, my classmates again came by, one by one, to get a bottle off the shelf near to us, to replace a bottle, or to weigh some salt on the scale next to us. Amused, and, oh, so smug!

But humiliation won't stop me. I'm going to be a chemist!

The lecturer cleared her voice and waited until the group of girls quieted down. "I'm going to talk to you tonight about the future for women in the field of chemistry. All of you have some interest in connection with chemistry for a vocation and would like to know the possibilities for a job. I'm afraid the outlook isn't too favorable; I'm afraid many of you here tonight will give up the idea of being a second Madame Curie."

There was a rustle in the group. Some girls laughed at the suggestion that they were aspiring to be Madame Curie; some girls commented on the surprising attitude the lecturer took, considering that she was a successful chemistry instructor; some girls, obviously disappointed, seemed to be half convinced to give up the idea of becoming chemists. I didn't belong to any of these categories. I merely listened, without comment, to the woman's point of view.

"Now I'm not trying to disillusion anyone, but I am trying to present facts to you, and offer you my experience. It is an opportunity for you to hear about the thorns in your path, an opportunity that many graduate woman chemists did not have. There are some positions always open to women having chemical training. For example, they may become chemical secretaries or chemical librarians."

I could just see myself working in an

office or a library. I'm taking chemistry to be a chemist.

"There are places open to women desiring to be instructors in high schools, but almost every other field is filled by men. Practically every firm hires men to hold positions in preference to women. They feel that men are more capable."

I don't think men are more capable. Besides, the presence of a woman in a laboratory can have results that are not often considered. Men are much more inclined to work harder when a woman is around in open competition with them.

If I can sell an employer the idea that, in setting up a mild form of competition among his workers, he can attain a much more efficient organization, then I can easily get a job.

"Another feature in which men have the advantage over women is that women stand to suffer more, in connection with personal beauty, when they are injured in any way in the laboratory. For this reason, I regret to have to tell you, men again are preferred."

But competition won't stop me. I'm going to be a chemist!

Women in Chemistry

MARY E. SMASHEY

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1940-1941

UNTIL I changed roommates this semester, I had never thought much about women in the field of chemistry. I knew that there were some, but I had always carefully avoided them. Then I moved in with Mac.

Mac works with men all day. In fact, the reason she is called Mac instead of Margaret is that the men in her classes felt ill at ease when using a feminine name. She knows more men on the campus than I ever will, but her relations with them are quite different from mine. Mac goes to a dance only when Bill, her favorite chemistry engineering pal, finds that his pin girl from Chicago can't possibly make it for the Annual Chem Engineers' Ball. Her typical weekend date consists of coking at Farwell's with the chem majors, discussing the 1-3 shift and its relation to the formation of polymers. The one day all semester that she had a date with someone other than a chemistry major, she spilled pentanoic acid on her hands; the odor lasted for

two weeks. Mac prides herself on having a speaking acquaintance with all the janitors in the Chemistry Building; every Friday night at closing time they sweep her out with the rubbish.

Mac is only five feet tall. She has given up trying to look dignified when she reads the three-foot high barometer. Her instructor once walked in and saw her climbing up the lab desk to see the reading, and he has been watching her suspiciously ever since. She often spends one hour trying to put up the equipment for a half-hour experiment. Although Mac is small, she is rather clumsy. For last month alone, her bill for breaking equipment was ten dollars.

When I walk into our room, I can tell in an instant whether Mac has been there. I'm not psychic, but I can detect the characteristic aroma of the second floor of the Chemistry Building. I am gradually becoming accustomed to it. If you have never been in an organic chemistry laboratory, it is useless for me to

describe the odor. I try desperately to keep the door to Mac's closet closed, because all her clothes smell like organic chemistry no matter how often she has them cleaned. I have considered giving her some strong cologne for a gift, but the mixture of the two odors would be unbearable.

Mac also has other troubles with her clothes. She must constantly replace the thing she ruins in labs. The damage is

not always the result of her own clumsiness; yesterday the other woman chemistry major in her class spilled sulfuric acid over Mac's new tweed suit. Mac's clothing bills are twice mine.

If my account of Mac hasn't convinced you that women should not major in Chemistry, I am afraid nothing will. Every time I talk to her, I give a sigh of relief that I am majoring in something feminine like French.

Page 213

BENNETT SHERMAN

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1940-1941

PICKED up my Zoo book, turned to page 213. Bang! The door flew open. In floated what appeared to be a ballet dancer. "Look," I yelled, "I've got so damn much homework. Will you please get the hell out of here?" With this my guest stopped dancing.

"What's the matter? You've got a whole week-end. Study tomorrow."

"You don't understand. I'd like to finish it now so I wouldn't have to worry about it for the rest of the week-end. Just 'cause you're happy over finishing a practical is no sign you have to barge in here dancing like a fairy."

Picked up my Zoo book, turned to page 213. A bugle-blast from the next room. "You're in the army now. You're in the army now."

Got up and went into the next room. There, sitting in a chair, blowing like a cyclone, was another member of the house.

"Would you please stop playing that contraption?"

"Why?"

"Because I've got homework. Good enough?"

"Do it tomorrow." He turned and started to play again.

"What do I have to do to shut you up?"

"Nothing," he stopped. "Just let me finish this verse."

"O. K."

Picked up my Zoo book, turned to page 213. In walked my roommate. "Click," and on went the radio. This time I saw red. "Say, for crying out loud, do you ever see *me* turn on the radio when *you're* studying?"

"No, but it's Friday. You've got the whole week-end."

"What do you mean the whole week-end? Isn't it better to work now and get it over with?"

"Well, that's up to you. Personally, I'd rather do it Sunday night and have some fun over the week-end."

"That's you, not me. Now turn it off."

"All right, but you're crazy."

Picked up my Zoo book, turned to page 213. Bang! The door flew open again. This time it was all of them. "Into the showers with him."

"Not on your life," I shouted. No use.

"As long as I'm under here," I thought, "I might as well get them wet too." I did.

Got out of the shower, took off my

clothes, wiped myself off, and put on some dry things.

Picked up my Zoo book, turned to page 213.

The Corsican and the House-Painter

DORIS ELEANOR SCOTT

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1940-1941

THE interventionists have argued by analogies from history to prove that the United States should intervene in the present war. Hitler, they have said, is a second Napoleon, and they have said that the eras of Hitler and Napoleon are similar. It seems to me, however, that insofar as any similarity exists, the isolationists can use it to better advantage than the interventionists do.

In a great many important respects Napoleon and Hitler are very different. Napoleon was a Corsican son of the French Revolution, born into the age of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. After conquering Italy, Prussia, and other countries, he introduced to them the spirit of the French Revolution. Though the liberty he bestowed upon these nations was a modified liberty, he allowed them a considerably greater degree of equality and fraternity. Napoleon banished class distinctions, and he purged no race of people. The Jews who had been invited into Prussia by the Fredericks were not banished. Not only did Napoleon champion equality and fraternity, but he also made peace with the Pope and re-established in France the Catholic Church, which had been forsaken during the revolution.

Hitler, however, is destroying all the best that the French Revolution initiated. He does not even carry a "modified

liberty" to the countries he conquers, and there is no equality or fraternity in his policies—except for the "pure Aryans." The Jew is undergoing the worst purge in history, and Hitler has not made peace with the Pope. On the contrary, he has taken the place of the German's God. Even Napoleon was not that egotistical.

It is true that Germany was, as France had been, in desperate need of a capable leader. It is also true that Hitler, like Napoleon, supplied that need, and Hitler too has conquered in the name of his adopted country. However, the odds which Napoleon fought against were greater than those which Hitler has yet had to face. Napoleon fought a Prussia which still enjoyed the power that the Fredericks had given her, and a Spain which was one of the largest European countries. In spite of these terrific odds, Napoleon, who began his foreign campaigns with a handful of ragged French troops, eventually dominated all of Europe. Hitler, on the other hand, has conquered countries which have been weak since the World War. France was beaten before he waged actual war against her. Poland had been partitioned so many times that she had never been able to build a strong national government, and hence was easy prey for a greedy Germany. After Austria was flooded with Nazi sympathizers, it was

not difficult for Hitler to gain control of her. These and the other countries that he has dominated were all doomed before he campaigned against them, because they had not yet found men to lead them out of the chaos brought by the World War. Not only have the countries Hitler conquered been weaker, but where Napoleon began his campaign with an inferior number of half-starved troops, Hitler made his first march with one of the largest and most feared European armies. The military achievements of Napoleon are not similar to the "push-over" successes of Hitler.

Napoleon's Empire, based on militarism, was constantly threatened by uprisings and revolts within the conquered territories. Spain managed to throw off the French yoke, and Prussia leagued herself with Britain against France. Revolts within France herself were constantly fostered by Bourbon aspirants to the throne. Hitler, having introduced bondage rather than a comparative freedom to the conquered countries, is facing disturbances of the same kind as those which confronted the Emperor, or even graver ones. France, a former democracy, will not sit quietly by while Nazi storm-troopers goose-step through the streets of Paris. Since the Czechoslovakian republic was conquered, Hitler has had to keep a large number of troops quartered there so that it will not revolt. These countries will be revolting not

only against a foreign rule, but also against the death of civil and political rights. They will be fighting a desperate battle for the equality and fraternity which Napoleon gave them.

The forces which are troubling Hitler today are the same forces which gave Napoleon trouble during his reign. Napoleon's most fruitless campaign was the one which he led against Russia, and his most disastrous campaign was the one which he waged against Britain. Today, Hitler is apparently waging an unsuccessful Russian campaign. Stalin congratulated the "Boy King," Peter, of Yugoslavia on his defiance of the Nazi dictates. This is one of several "political slaps" that Stalin has given Hitler. Hitler also is facing a determined Britain. He has not yet been able to break through the blockade that has choked so many British enemies. Napoleon failed when he confronted such a combination of forces as internal strife, an unruly Russia, and a determined Britain. Now that Hitler fights these same forces, I cannot believe that he can win. As was Napoleon, Hitler is doomed to ultimate failure. It is therefore unnecessary for the United States to intervene. One of the greatest lessons that can be learned from history is that when the balance of power in the world is broken, the man responsible for its breaking will not be tolerated, and his power cannot last.

F. A. Coburn, R. R. 4

Mrs. Coburn, small and well starched, will answer the bell, drying her hands on her apron as she talks. She bids you to come in and "set a while." Mr. Coburn, whom you would like to talk to about doing some plowing for you is "most likely out to the pasture but he'll be a comin' right soon I s'pose." You walk in. Mrs. Coburn asks "will you please to excuse her, that Mr. Coburn 'll be in directly." You sit in an old leather chair and look at the shiny new white icebox set against the living room wall and the family reunion picture over it, and the calendar with the little girl and the St. Bernard. "D'rectly" you hear footsteps on the back porch and the noisy disposal of a wad of tobacco. Mr. Coburn steps in.—LARRY ROBINSON

In Defense of Rhetoric Themes

SHELDON LEAVITT

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1940-1941

I AGREE with Martha Lou Bothwell* that writing is a God-given gift, and that only those individuals with a talent for self-expression can turn out good themes with any degree of ease. There are friends of mine who are able to knock off *B* themes on two hours' notice, while I must force myself to sit for five or six hours and painfully construct sentences and paragraphs and hope that they sound coherent. Even more distressing is my inability to find suitable subject matter; sometimes I spend half an evening just trying to think of something to write. But no matter how long I have been discarding thoughts and ideas, no matter how many times I have been tempted to give up and play ping-pong instead, I never have thought that freshman rhetoric should not be taught.

Adequate self-expression is not merely "advantageous" as Miss Bothwell states, but necessary. I need not repeat that in the highly complex existence we lead today, clear and correct writing is one of the most important means—sometimes the only means—of transmitting our ideas. This I know is obvious. For how would scientific investigation continue if scientists were unable to express their ideas; how would business be run if secretaries spent hours trying to compose acceptable letters; how would our social obligations be fulfilled if we could not write in proper and understandable English?

But to become proficient in writing, one must write. Rhetorical skill is obtained only through painful practice. Just as the young musician must labor

over the distasteful scales with his violin, or the artist must learn the colorless principles of perspective, so the student must struggle with grammar and themes. While I wrote at the rate of one paragraph every two hours when I first entered Rhetoric I, I am now able to write a better paragraph in an hour. This is not an attainment to be proud of, I admit; but if I had not assumed the tedious job of theme-writing I could not boast even this small achievement.

Most students are agreed, however, that college graduates must know how to use their mother tongue fluently. Rather they argue, as does Miss Bothwell, that instruction in the art of writing should be withheld until the individual has matured and has acquired a broader range of experience so that he might be better able to write intelligently on worthy subjects. But what is to become of the individual in the meanwhile? He must constantly write for both his personal and educational use. Must his correspondents suffer from his misuse of the language? Is he to be thrown at the mercy of examinations, unequipped to fight back with clear-cut and rhetorically correct answers? Are his teachers to struggle day after day through illiterately written assignments? The faculty must give to all freshmen a course in essay-writing, if for no other reason, in self-defense. The purpose of theme-writing is not to extract noble ideas and profound thoughts from freshmen, but rather to teach them to write correctly at the time when it will do them the most good.

*Martha Lou Bothwell, "Theme Writing in Rhetoric," *The Green Caldron*, March, 1941.

"Strange Fruit"

HAROLD SUSSMAN

Rhetoric II, Theme 5, 1940-1941

Southern trees bear a strange fruit,
Blood on the leaves, and blood at the root,
Black bodies swingin' in the southern breeze,
Strange fruit hangin' from the poplar trees.

THIS is the grotesque ballad of a southern singer. It is indeed a strange fruit that southern trees bear at a lynching. It is also strange that a sadistic mob should ever be permitted to run loose, killing to satiate its blood lust.

We from the North who sentimentally admire the calm, idyllic landscape of the South would do well to listen to the lines:

Pastoral scene of the gallant South;
The bulging eyes, and the twisted mouth;
Scent of magnolias, sweet and fresh—
Then the sudden smell of burning flesh.

For under the calm surface of the South, behind the slow drawls, the courteous manners, and the happy negroes singing, remain the cold, brutal facts. Racial feelings run high in the South, for the whites mean to rule. They mean to rule even if they have to kill, murder, and whip the entire black population into subservience. The negro, they claim, is the white man's inferior. Therefore he should be the white man's servant. And strangely enough these narrow views find many supporters among gallant folk in the North.

Many strongly prejudiced men have told me, "The nigger is O. K. He just has to learn his place." The nigger's place was, it seemed, any level of degradation the white man set for him. A Southern boy living just across the hall from me quotes his grandmother as saying, after a lynching, "You know, a lynching is a good thing. It keeps those niggers in their places." The negro, ac-

cording to people of this sort, should go on living as he does—a social, economic, and political outcast. He should not vote, he should not be educated, he should not be paid a high wage; he should, in other words, be crushed, beaten, and stripped of every rightful chance to live decently. He should be relegated to the position of "an inferior race."

The average negro family in this country today earns about six hundred dollars per year. In the South he is usually a sharecropper, entirely at the mercy of his property owner, or he is an unskilled laborer—a complete wage-slave to any employer who hires him. His usual poorly balanced meal, lacking in green vegetables, fruit, or milk, often results in pellagra. Syphilis is prevalent among the negroes because of their general lack of knowledge concerning it, and because of their poor living conditions. Tuberculosis claims a high toll from them.

In his present condition the negro constitutes a health menace, a problem for slum clearance, and a challenge to our educators. When these conditions are removed it will be found that the negro is a good citizen, an able worker, and an asset to our society. Under his present conditions—discontented, downtrodden, physiologically and psychologically ill—he provides fine material for Communist propaganda, and the nucleus of a force that may some day undermine our standards of living.

We must consider the negro problem with unbiased and unprejudiced minds. The negro must be educated, not ignored.

He must be aided, not crushed; and he must be fed, clothed, sheltered, and given his rightful place in our society. Remember this, or some day the downtrodden will rise up and take their revenge.

Etched against the southern sky, the

gallows—the gallows from which hangs a tortured body. Shall this be the symbol of our tolerance?

Here is a fruit for the crows to pluck,
For the rains to gather, for the winds to suck,
For the sun to rot, for the trees to drop;
Here is a strange and bitter crop.

The Spanish Sport

WILLIAM PRESTON ALBAUGH

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1940-1941

A BUGLE sounds. The band strikes up the processional march. Señoritas in mantillas and high-backed combs applaud frantically. Thousands of enthusiastic Spaniards in fiesta attire rise and shout themselves hoarse. It is the bullfight, one of the most interesting and colorful sports events in the world.

In order to understand fully what takes place on the bloodstained sands of the bull ring, one must know a little of the history behind this sport. The origin of bullfighting is somewhat obscure. Geologists have recently uncovered inscriptions, however, which indicate that it was practised in a crude form even before the Roman Empire was established. Originally it was a form of human sacrifice; later the Moors, who introduced it to Spain early in the Twelfth Century, used it to encourage proficiency in the use of martial weapons. And gradually it has become a part of the Spanish racial culture. In Spain and the countries that Spain colonized we find it still flourishing today.

Throughout its history, bullfighting has been repeatedly prohibited, only to be resurrected by popular demand. A papal edict in 1560, during the reign of Queen Isabella, threatened with excommunication anyone participating in a bullfight

and even forbade the administration of the last sacrament to anyone killed by a bull. In spite of such opposition and the damaging effects of professionalism and politics, the sport has survived. Today it is a major industry, backed by over seventy million dollars.

The severest criticism of the bullfight arises from those who consider it unsportsmanlike and cruel. Max Eastman sums up their arguments in his torrid criticism of Ernest Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon*.

To drag in notions of glory and honor here is ungrownup and rather sophomoric. But to pump words over it like "tragedy" and "dramatic conflict" is mere romantic nonsense and self-deception crying to high heaven. It is not tragic to die in a trap because although beautiful you are stupid; it is not tragic to play mean tricks on a beautiful thing and then stab it when its power is gone. It is the exact opposite of tragedy in every high meaning of the word that has ever been given it. It is killing made meaner, death more ignoble, bloodshed more merely shocking than it has need to be.¹

Against this sort of attack the Spanish writer, Salvador Madariaga, has offered a logical and eloquent defense.

The Spanish crowd looking at the bullfight is not enjoying the goring and killing,

¹Max Eastman, "Bull in the Afternoon," *New Republic*, 75 (June 7, 1933), 95.

but the grace and beauty of the spectacle; color, movement, and skill on the edge of death, which are precisely what the Anglo-Saxon does not see. The idea of a cruel crowd, gloating in the sight of blood and suffering, is the child of the Anglo-Saxon's morbid and tortured imagination. Just as he does not see the grace and beauty of it, the Spaniard does not see the cruelty of it.²

The phase of bullfighting most often attacked is the cruelty to the horses, which until recent times were often pitifully gored and slashed. Even Madariaga does not attempt to justify their inhuman treatment. He admits that

there is no doubt whatever that this part of bull-running, though very beautiful in itself from the plastic as well as the dramatic point of view, is sadly spoilt by the pitiful and repulsive sight of horses gored and finally killed. Nothing can be said for it. It is the blot upon bull-running and the stark defect in an otherwise beautiful spectacle.³

Efforts to relieve the situation have been made recently in the form of laws forcing bullfight promoters to pad the undercarriage of all horses used in the program. This offers a large measure of protection, but fatal accidents still occur only too frequently. Some efforts to do away entirely with horses have been made, but real followers of the sport feel that these measures detract too much from the excitement.⁴

Bullfights take place in huge amphitheaters, with tiers of seats rising loftily on all sides. Many of these arenas are centuries old, such as the one standing in Southern France originally constructed by the Romans to be flooded for their famous sea-fights. Cortez built a *plaza de toros* in Mexico City long before the cornerstone for the Cathedral of Mexico was laid. Another in Mexico City is among the largest, seating over 20,000 people, and costing \$700,000 to construct. Other famous rings stand at Sevilla, Madrid, Ronda, and Chapultepec.

The fight today retains much pomp and ceremony carried over from medieval days. A selected municipal official, known as the *presidente*, presides over the program, and as soon as he has taken his seat in the central box, the band begins to play, and the festivities begin. Two *acquaciles* (police officers of the ring) ride out and salute the crowd. They retire, then return, followed this time by the entire colorful procession. First in line are the splendidly attired matadors, then the picadors, dressed in gleaming yellow, next the matador's assistants, and finally the ring attendants, vulgarly known as *monos sabios* or "wise monkeys." After a triumphant march around the arena, they retire. As soon as they are gone, the *presidente* hurls the key to the bull pens to an *acquacile*, who releases the first bull. Bugles blare and drums are rolled. As the huge beast hurls itself for the opening, an attendant leans over the side of the cage and plants a ribbon-bedecked dart between his shoulders. Then *el toro* charges into the arena.

It is not to be assumed that *el toro* is an ordinary bull. Bred of cattle and water buffalo, he combines the fiercest qualities of both. The very best fighting bulls are raised on fertile plains of Andalusia and Navarre by wealthy ranchers vying for the distinction of raising the largest and most ferocious ones. Mexico imports thousands of these high-spirited beasts yearly, but the tremendous cost of transportation and care necessitates use of the less-famous Mexican bulls on all but fiesta occasions. It should be noted, however, that none of

²Salvador Madariaga, "Why the Spaniards Like Bullfights," *Living Age*, 336 (May, 1929), 180.

³*Ibid.*, 181.

⁴The failure of the bullfight in Italy is credited to the fact that Mussolini forbade the use of horses.

the bulls are trained, and they will attack anything in motion.

At the first rush of the bull, everyone in the ring leaps for safety. Then the matador returns, advancing slowly and calling to the bull in sharp, staccato barks. *El toro* pulls up and surveys his enemy, who now holds his cape in both hands directly in front of his body. To snort and charge at the cloak and the man is the work of a split second, but when the angry beast arrives, the matador is no longer there. "Without moving his feet so much as the literal breadth of a hair, he has swung his cloak out to the right with both arms, and the weapons that would transfix a three-inch oak plank have grazed the gold bobbins on his jacket, and the danger is thirty feet away. The bull pulls up, turns, and charges again, and again and again."⁵ The merit of the matador's performance is determined both by the gracefulness with which he executes his dance and the nearness of the bull to his body as it thunders by. After the bull has charged fruitlessly six or seven times, the matador suddenly turns his back on him and struts nonchalantly away, leaving the bull to the picadors.

These much-less-publicized fighters are mounted on old and useless horses. They are armed with long blunt-edged spears which they use to keep the bull away from themselves and their mounts. The duty of the picadors is to prepare the bull for further playing and final death by tiring and infuriating him. Only too often the bull succeeds in reaching the man and his mount, and bulls have even been known to throw both completely over the five-foot wall that surrounds the arena.

The picadors are given only a short time in the ring, and then the matador

or his assistants place the *banderillas*. These are metal-tipped darts with brightly colored streamers wound around their two feet of length. Three pairs are placed in all, behind and between the bull's shoulders. The matador keeps his elbows up and stiff, placing the darts over the horns of the bull as he charges. Great skill is required to execute this feat properly, and the matador who does a good job is applauded boisterously by the enthusiastic crowd.

As soon as the *banderillas* have been placed, the matador again leaves the bull to his assistants and struts to the *presidente's* box. There, with the most ceremonious courtesy, he asks the official sanction to make the killing. The permission is signalled down, and the final act begins. This time, the matador uses a much smaller cape, under which the death sword is concealed. The bull is played in much the same manner as at the beginning of the fight, but now the matador is watching for his opportunity to make the kill. "To coax the bull into exactly the proper position requires extreme patience, clever maneuvering, and almost unlimited experience. For a good stroke, the bull must be lunging straight ahead with his front legs evenly balanced. If one be ever so slightly ahead of the other, his body will twist when he begins to move, and the sword will not go home. Failure to take advantage of easy chances brings yells of derision from the important onlookers."⁶ When his opportunity arrives, the matador throws himself over the bull's horns as he charges, and with a quick thrust plunges the sword between the bull's shoulders. If this maneuver is properly executed, the bull will die instantly. If not, the scene is

⁵P. Terry, *Terry's Guide to Mexico*, ci.

⁶C. Stratton, "Bullfighting in Southern France," *Travel*, 36 (Dec., 1920), 7.

repeated. An excellent performance brings a shower of hats, flowers, cigarettes, and even top-coats from the wildly cheering crowd, and the matador will be awarded the bull's ear. If the bull has been dispatched with superlative skill, the matador may be awarded the bull's hoof. Few ever acquire this extraordinary honor.

Just as in baseball styles of play vary, so the methods of bullfighting vary. There are, in fact, two very distinct schools of bullfighting, the merits of which one can hear bitterly argued in the market place of almost any Spanish or Mexican town. One school, led by Juan Belmonte, was developed in the little town of Ronda, nestled in the mountains of Northern Spain. The other, whose greatest fighter was Gallito Joselito, came out of Sevilla, home of ninety percent of our modern bullfighters. "For sheer skill it might have been difficult to decide between them. Belmonte displayed the greater recklessness, Joselito the most cunning. Joselito moved about the ring with lightning rapidity; Belmonte was often stationary."⁷ Where Belmonte risked, Joselito calculated. Joselito appealed to the head, Belmonte appealed to the heart. One Spanish writer explains that during the World War, he could always find whether a man was pro-German or pro-Ally. "If he liked Joselito, then he was for efficiency; he was for autocracy, and a pro-German. If he liked Belmonte, then he was for impulse; he was for liberty; he was pro-Ally."⁸ The technique of bullfighting is so refined, and so intense is the preoccupation with it, that its more enthusiastic followers would resent our referring to bullfighting as a sport. Rather, they feel, it belongs among the fine arts. So, for instance, runs the

opinion of Lestlie Charteris, who wrote a novel based on the life of Juan Belmonte:

Juan Belmonte is bullfighting, in a way that you never could have said that Jack Dempsey was boxing, or Tilden was tennis, or Babe Ruth was baseball. Bullfighting is not a sport and you can't compare it with one. Bullfighting, whether you like it or not, is an art, like painting or music, and you can only judge it as an art. Its emotion is spiritual, and it touches depths which only can be compared with the depths that are touched in a man who knows and understands and loves music by a symphony orchestra under a great conductor.⁹

The matador's profession, although dangerous, is lucrative and full of glory. If successful, he can earn anywhere from \$300,000 to \$500,000 yearly.¹⁰ One fight often nets as much as \$5,000, even after the salaries of the assistants have been paid. For his exorbitant fee, however, the matador takes wholesale risks. Accidents are common, and some of the greatest bullfighters of all time met their deaths in the bull ring. Luis Freg, one of the better performers of today, carries the scars of seventy-two horn wounds and has been four times *sacramento* (given the last sacrament). In spite of these dangers, it is the dream of every young Spaniard and Mexican some day to become a famous matador, and children play *corrida* (bullfight) in the streets just as young Americans play baseball.

The names of famous bullfighters throughout the long history of the sport are innumerable. Belmonte is generally considered to be the greatest of all time, with Joselito, Bombita, Larita, and

⁷"Bullfighting as an Art," *Literary Digest*, 66 (July 3, 1920), 44.

⁸*Ibid.*

⁹Juan Belmonte, "The Making of a Bullfighter," *Atlantic Monthly*, 159 (Feb., 1937), 129-148.

¹⁰P. Terry, *Terry's Guide to Mexico*, cx.

Palma following not far behind.¹¹ Two women, even, have been known to participate in the bloody pastime. One was La Cordebesita, whose feats were hailed by the Spaniards as "astonishing and phenomenal." The other was Cochita Cintron, who toured the Latin-American countries successfully in 1938. Señorita Cintron is unusual in that her art combines two types of performance, that of the Portuguese, on horseback, and that of the Spanish, on foot. The only American ever to become a first-rate matador is the Brooklyn-born Sydney Franklin. He has tried unsuccessfully for many years to introduce bullfighting to the United States. His failure is attributed to the fact that the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has forbidden any bloodshed, and the bullfight can hardly succeed without it.

The bullfight should be regarded by outsiders like ourselves with sympathetic understanding. It is by no means an expression of barbarism or wanton cruelty, but an ancient and dignified

sport—or art. For millions of people it provides necessary emotional release, and is at the same time a thing of beauty. Those who have seen bullfights and known what they were seeing regard them as a vital and interesting part of Spanish civilization.

¹¹Most bullfighters take the name of some animal, implement, or weapon, such as Bombita, little bomb; Cuchillo, knife; and so on.

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Let's Win Back Latin-America

PAUL YOULE

Rhetoric II, Theme 7, 1940-1941

THE "Achilles Heel" of the United States is Latin-America. Most military experts agree that we can not be invaded from either the Atlantic or the Pacific Ocean if our rearmament program progresses nearly as fast as scheduled. If, however, a foreign power should establish a military base in Latin-America, parts of which are closer to Europe than to the United States, we might have a rather difficult time in protecting ourselves, especially if Latin-

America didn't sympathize with us or gave aid to our enemy or enemies. The very idea of an attack on the United States sounds fantastic, but in this day of unprecedented military conquest, we must be very careful before declaring anything incredible. Since *defense* of the United States is—rather should be—our first objective, we must begin at once to protect our most vulnerable position.

Today, world conditions are ideal for our attempts to win Latin-America's

friendship. When I say friendship, I do not mean the Nazi type of friendship—domination; we have tried that before. We must have a true friendship based on mutual trust and respect. With Japan, Germany, and Italy fighting desperately, the time is ripe for us to improve our reputation in the eyes of the Latins. We must become not the bullying big brother but the friendly big brother! We must have a "New Deal" in our relations with Latin-America.

One of the main reasons for our failure to cultivate friendship with the Latins is the clannish aloofness of the Americans in Latin-America. Most Americans in Buenos Aires are interested in the natives not as personalities—as human beings with problems as important as ours—but as sources of money for the Americans to exploit as rapidly as possible. In Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro there are a number of exclusive clubs where Americans spend all their spare time. They do not mingle with the people, but they attempt to set up a caste system with themselves as lords and masters. Obviously they do not consider the Latins equal to themselves. As long as this condition persists, there can be no close cooperation between the Americas.

Our understanding of Latin-American problems has always been very poor. By reason of race and heritage, many of their concepts of laws and politics are very different from ours. We forget the reason, whenever they do anything that doesn't suit our fancy, and condemn them too hastily. We make little effort to understand their problems and difficulties. When Brazil, in 1937, made a change in its government, the United States was very unsympathetic. As Sumner Welles put it, "A large portion of our people and our press, instead of

waiting with tolerance and with friendly sympathy the moment when the Brazilian people had been enabled to determine for themselves the proper solution of their own problem, undertook to determine for them how the problem should be solved and to a large degree indulged in vehement recriminations predicated upon false premises and falser conclusions." When Mexico ruled against our oil companies, she was not so much discriminating against America as simply protecting herself. Mexico's object was to secure a better standard of living for more of her people. Nevertheless, our press severely condemned Mexico, and was unwilling to understand or even to listen to her side of the question.

Whatever prestige England had in Latin-America was dashed by her policy when she let Italy invade Ethiopia, when she threw Austria to the wolves, when she mangled the League of Nations. In Latin-America weakness is despised. Only by establishing a firm foreign policy can we assure them that we can be trusted in a crisis. Only when the Latins feel that we will never subject them to diplomatic double-crossing, can they trust us.

Great strides forward in the understanding of their problems have been made by Spanish clubs and inter-American clubs. It is easier to understand your neighbor's troubles if you can speak his language. When the Mexican basketball team played at Illinois, they were undoubtedly pleased at their reception here by a group of students who spoke their own language. This kind of thing, as well as Pan-American conferences, is breaking down the barrier of language, custom, and background.

Our attempts at trading with South America have, until recently, presup-

posed free world trade. When Cordell Hull sponsored the first South-America-favored reciprocal trade treaties, he took the first step in the direction we are going to have to take to combat German trade domination of Latin-America. The days of the free market are gone, and the

sooner we realize this, the better. We are going to have to meet the German sell-at-a-loss trade program by subsidization. It will be expensive, but the cost can be borne in the name of the National Defense Program with fair assurance that this will be for *defense*.

The Problems of a Customer

RICHARD A. ROBERTS

Rhetoric II, Theme 6, 1940-1941

THE DOOR OPENS. A class-worn student staggers into the coke-'n-smoke and wearily falls into a booth, the pangs of hunger and thirst gnawing at him simultaneously. It has been a strenuous day—two labs, a lecture, two quiz sections, and a P.E. class in clog dancing. So he has come to this place for food and rest.

Waiters run hastily about, dodging in and out of tables, but they ignore him. Slowly, the hand of the clock moves on. Seven minutes pass, and no one comes near him. The minute hand reaches the ten-minute mark. The customer cusses.

Suddenly the head waiter discovers the customer. Loudly he shouts, "Service in booth seven!" Waiters rush by from all directions, but still they take no heed. Once again the head waiter calls. There is no response. Finally, more by accident, perchance, than by intention, a waiter approaches. In his eagerness the customer fairly shouts his order. "Bring me two hamburgers, a glass of m———" Plop! A wet rag slaps down on the table; the waiter swishes it over the table in three huge strokes, turns and walks away. The customer cusses.

Three minutes pass. He returns. "May I have your order, sir?" The

problem now is to make him listen to the order before he goes away again. "Bringmetwohamburgersandaglassofmilk!" The waiter jots it in his pad.

"I'm sorry, sir, but we're out of milk. I'll bring you buttermilk instead!"

"But I don't like butterm——" This answer does no good. The waiter has left. Buttermilk. Ugh! The customer cusses.

Seventeen and one-half minutes pass. The student feels somewhat faint, but determined to stick it out. The waiter returns. "The cook couldn't find the mustard, sir; so I told him it would be all right to use horseradish." Horseradish! and buttermilk! The student is fairly burning with anger, but his hunger and thirst prevail over his temper. He begins to eat. Horseradish and buttermilk! The customer cusses.

As you see, the customer's life in these local coke-joints can be hell. But it is a valuable part of our higher education. By the time the average individual has attended college coke-joints for four years, he has become duly hardened to the hardships of public eating places. The local waiters, I am told, have a common motto: "Your mother waited on you till now. Don't expect me to do the same!"

Senseless Art

BUELL DWIGHT HUGGINS

Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1940-1941

SURREALISM has been in existence now for about a quarter of a century. During this time it has invaded several fields of endeavor—poetry and prose, plastic art and sculpture, and painting. By some it has been welcomed with outstretched hands as the savior of the people; by others it has been blamed as the destroyer of reason and talent.

Surrealism had its beginning in the Old World, and is really the climax of a series of radical movements which we have imported. In 1908 a theory of art known as cubism was created. Its creator was Pablo Picasso, who believed in the theory of postimpressionism and thought that abstract form should be stressed, even at the expense of other pictorial elements. He based his art upon the use of intersecting cubes, cones, and other geometric solids. Then in 1916 Dadaism was born. Its parent was a Rumanian Jew, Tristan Tzara by name. The term *Dada* was selected at random from the dictionary and means, ordinarily, a childish variant of father.¹ Said the creator of Dadaism: "We want works straightforward, strong, accurate, and forever not understood. Logic is a complication."² Dadaism is nothing more than simple distortion in art, but it is significant in that it was the immediate ancestor of surrealism. Then, finally, came surrealism, with Andre Breton and Francis Aragon, Frenchmen, publishing their so-called "Manifesto," in which they attempted to explain the new art they had initiated.³ Many public meetings were now held in Europe in favor of or in opposition to the new art. As the movement spread, as it crossed the ocean to

America twelve years later, it was still like the ebb and flow of ocean waves: by some it was received with rapture, by others it was hotly criticized. In 1936, however, as if to "explain all," Breton himself published a book entitled *What Is Surrealism?* "What does it matter to me," he inquires, "whether trees are green, . . . whether a ball is cylindrical or round?" "The eye," he continues, "exists in the primitive state" and the "secret of surrealism lies in the fact that we are persuaded that something is hidden." Surrealists are actually of this mind, that if a child is asked to draw a picture of a cow on a blackboard and the picture looks like an automobile, it is quite all right, since the child received that impression of a cow. In all its fields, surrealism employs the same principles, harking back always to Sigmund Freud, founder of psychoanalysis.⁴ The subconscious mind comes fully into play and drives out all voluntary thoughts, all logic and reason, all coherence.

Practisers of surrealistic art, with whom we have here to deal, are, among others, Salvador Dali, Joan Miro, Paul Klee, Jean Lurcat, Giorgio Chirico, and Max Ernst. On page 28 of the April 3, 1939, issue of *Newsweek*, are printed some examples of Dali's art. One of them is a painting of a dish with a telephone in it (receiver removed) and

¹Thomas J. Fitzmorris, "Mindless Marxism," *The Catholic World*, 150 (January, 1940), 420.

²Charles W. Ferguson, "Art for Our Sake," *Harper's Magazine*, 175 (July, 1937), 218.

³Thomas J. Fitzmorris, *op. cit.*, 420-430.

⁴Matthew Josephson, "The Superrealists," *The New Republic*, 69 (February 3, 1932), 321-322.

beside it three grilled sardines. That is all. One might suppose that the telephone rang while the housewife was having lunch and that in her haste to answer it, she took the sardines with her. While she was at the telephone, someone rang the doorbell. Going to answer the doorbell, she left both the sardines and the telephone in the dish. She never returned to them. So, if one liked, one might suppose. Dali, a small, dark, darting Spaniard of thirty-six, had twenty-one paintings like this on exhibition at the Julien Levy Gallery in New York City last April. This was not the first time, however, that the surrealists had been in New York City with their paintings: they had exhibited in January, 1932, and in the summer of 1937. After their show there in 1937, they made a tour of the entire United States, their paintings apparently captivating the imagination of many people. Their entrance was like a circus come to town.⁵

Although Dali is considered by some critics as the world's most spectacular surrealist artist, in the minds of others he is surpassed by Joan Miro. Miro, aged forty-seven, is also a Spaniard; but, unlike Dali, he is primarily a folk-painter. His works are said to have a genuine "quality of spontaneity and freedom."⁶ Another surrealist painter is Jean Lurcat, a Frenchman, who delights in painting boats that have been sunk halfway below the waves.⁷ Giorgio Chirico, an Italian, creates absolute chaos, representing in his paintings pieces of wood, bedsprings, hats, buckets, and shoes, all piled into a disordered heap.⁸ Max Ernst likes to cut up an illustrated catalogue and then paste the pieces together. The result, of course, lacks symmetry, but symmetry is hated by surrealists.⁹ There is also Tchelitchev, who makes a tennis player wave a racquet

into the foreground of the picture, while the body lengthens for miles down a very long court. The picture reminds one of a skyscraper.¹⁰

During the last two or three years surrealism has been used in advertising. Its effectiveness for this purpose is quite apparent when one remembers the incongruity and grotesqueness of surrealist paintings. They are certain to catch the eye. Large concerns like the Abbott Laboratories have recognized their worth and have employed surrealist painters. Furs, watches, shoes, dresses, wines, perfumes, and soaps have been advertised by surrealist ingenuity. As fond as Americans are of change of design, it is not unlikely that surrealism will be used—in fact, it has been used to some extent—in styling such articles as hats, shoes, and furniture. Salvador Dali has already designed a sofa in the shape of a pair of lips. So far, however, surrealism has been used in advertising or in styling only by the larger concerns that sell to the luxury class.¹¹

It is noteworthy that surrealism appeared in Europe during the World War, a product of the cultural unrest of that time. It came to America a decade ago during the depression. Important to remember also is the fact that although it now operates only through the media of literature and art, it claims the political and social fields as fields of action.¹² Surrealists would adopt a Communistic form

⁵Barry Byrne, "Surrealism Passes," *The Commonwealth*, 26 (July 2, 1937), 262-63.

⁶James J. Sweeney, "Miro and Dali," *The New Republic*, 81 (February 6, 1935), 360.

⁷Alex McGavick, "Weird Worlds," *The Commonwealth*, 27 (April 1, 1938), 630-31.

⁸*Ibid.*

⁹*Ibid.*

¹⁰*Ibid.*

¹¹Frank Caspers, "Surrealism in Overalls," *Scribner's Magazine*, 104 (August, 1938), 17-21.

¹²Thomas J. Fitzmorris, "Mindless Marxism," *The Catholic World*, 150 (January, 1940), 420-430.

of government. The central principle of all their theory is destructive. They wish to break down all existing standards and values. The reason for their exaggerated simplicity is to provide an art-form simple enough for the proletariat to imitate. They are not interested in developing geniuses or men of true talent. They would make every man an artist, but they would produce no Corot, no Stuart, no Whistler. In subject-matter and theme, moreover, they would produce nothing beautiful. The world is mad. All is mystery and chaos. Why not paint it that way?

Surrealistic art has not been widely popularized. It is the belief of some that if it had been, it would have died long ago. Surrealistic art is no art at all, but sheer nonsense.

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It's All in Knowing How

Do you enjoy a football game? You probably do. You do if you understand the rules. If you have ever played yourself, you enjoy it even more. The more familiar you become with its intricacies the more intense your enjoyment of the game will become. To me, the nicest thing about football is the chrysanthemum I occasionally get the opportunity to wear. To me, football means cold feet and blue noses. To you, who probably understand it, it means thrills and excitement. You will stand to cheer because of a well-made play. You won't even realize that your nose is cold. I will stand to cheer because everyone else does and it means a good chance to warm myself by a little movement.

You may not like horse racing. Perhaps you only see people sweltering at the races in the summer time. You may picture these people winning and losing and all because they are carried away by a vice called gambling. I love horse racing. I love it because I know the feel and the look and the smell of a horse.

It's all the same with language. Know it, and you'll be able to do things with it—and get places with it. Understand it, and it will become beautiful, exciting, a living interest.—ANITA BONDY

The Green Pastures by Marc Connelly

EDWARD HOLMGREN

Rhetoric I, Theme 10, 1940-1941

IN THE preface to *The Green Pastures* Connelly tells us that his adaptation of Roark Bradford's stories is an attempt to present the living religion of thousands of Negroes in the deep South. "With terrific spiritual hunger and the greatest humility, these untutored blacks—most of whom cannot even read the book which is the treasure house of their religion—have adapted the contents of the Bible to the consistencies of their everyday lives. Unburdened by the differences of more educated theologians, they accept the Old Testament as a chronicle of wonders which happened to people like themselves in vague but actual places. . . . In Heaven, if one has been born in a district where fish fries are popular, the angels do have magnificent fish fries through an eternity somewhat resembling a series of earthly holidays. The Lord Jehovah will be the promised comforter, a just but compassionate patriarch, the summation of all the virtues His follower has observed in the human beings about him. The Lord may look like the Reverend Mr. Dubois, as our Sunday School teacher speculates in the play, or he may resemble another believer's own grandfather. In any event, His face will be familiar to the one who has come for his reward."

In *Green Pastures*, Connelly has reverted to a very old dramatic type, for dramatized Biblical narratives go back as far as the medieval beginnings of the English drama, when such plays, presented by the craftsmen's guilds, were known as mystery plays. But *Green*

Pastures differs from its prototype in important particulars. The gross anachronisms of the medieval mystery were of no importance to the medieval audience, for historical inaccuracy went unnoticed. For that reason the mystery was accepted as a valid representation of the past, and everyone focused his interest upon character and story. Connelly, however, has consciously recreated the past in terms of a simple people who have no more historical sense than medieval authors. The theme is not so much the Biblical narrative, but rather the mental processes of the imagined dramatist, in this instance the Southern Negro. Thus our interest becomes twofold: in the story itself and in the terms of its telling.

The concept of a God who smokes ten-cent seegars and who must ask men their names may be remote from our own; but few people are able to spiritualize their God completely. And the God of Mr. Deshee is not at all remote from the God of Genesis, who went "walking in the garden in the cool of the day," who had to ask Adam, "Where art thou?", who made coats for Adam and Eve, who shut the door of the Ark after Noah, and who ate a dinner of veal with Abraham. It has long been said that man makes God in his own image, or better, in the image of the most noble man he can conceive. In such terms, the God of *Green Pastures*, who is a far nobler deity than the God of King David, is a credit to his creators. Even the language of *Green Pastures* is often closer in spirit to the language of the Bible than that

of most of our ecclesiastical writings. What is "Gangway for de Lawd God Jehovah" but an apt American paraphrase of "Prepare ye the way of the Lord"?

With a deep sense of these values

Connelly approaches his subject with reverence. True, he sometimes treats it with humor, but he also treats it with tenderness and pathos and with a sense of the dignity of man and his aspirations which is present in all great literature.

Rhet as Writ

(Material written in Rhetoric I and II)

All in all, the selling of beer and the hearing of uncultural music is, in my opinion a step to delowerate the Illini Building. If this idea of beer and "juke box" exist in the tavern, the real meaning of the word "Tavern" will have its full meaning, not a fiction one like it has today.

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I and four other fellows decided to go to the Gem theatre on State street and see the passing beauties of clothless women.

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Mr. Richard Wyatt, a successful breeder of Hereford cattle, informed me that he gained most of his knowledge of animals merely by watching his grandfather in the show-ring.

Out in front were all kinds of photos of naked women either with their backs to us or laying on the ground. These photos, I believe, were just a come on to the people, as the pictures in front were pictures of beautiful women, not of the cronies that were inside.

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The purpose of the author is to give a good histerical description of the time, place, and type of characters in the story.

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Picking up a newspaper you hurridly scan through the pages and immediately your attention is attracted to a bright colored picture of a semi-nude female. You pause for a moment, take in her features at a glance and move on.

Honorable Mention

- RICHARD BARNES—Will o' the Wisp
GEORGE RAYMOND CLARK—Time of His Life
EDWARD CORNO—Schubert and the Unfinished Symphony
ROBERT COTE—Cryptography and War
ROBERT DONOVAN—The Movies Move on
RAY GILBERT—Cod Liver Oil
LEWIS GILES—The American Negro and the World War
WILLIAM GILLETTE—Hotter 'n Hell
EUGENE HENNING—The World Today
JIM HOSLER—An Awful Night
DUANE HUFFORD—Learning by Doing at the University of Cincinnati
FRED ILSEMAN—Isle of the Living Dead
ROBERT CURTIS JOHNSON—Latest Developments in Glass
MADGE KIPP—The American Gypsy
ROBERT LLOYD—The Aftermath
F. E. MACGREGOR—Chicago's North Clark Street
CORRINE MERSE—Intellectual Religion
JOHN OSTREM—On Time
HARLAN REUSCH—The Geological History of Northwestern Illinois
M. M. RIEGER—Aureolus Theophrastus Paracelsus
ERNEST RITTENHOUSE—The Development of the Combine
LAURENCE ROBINSON—The Gourd Farm
CHARLOTTE ROE—Prejudices Existing in Bases for Acceptance into
Medical School
ROSEMARY SCHUBERT—Hi Ya, Norma!
JANICE SILVERBERG—Rebirth of a Nation
WILLIAM SKELTON—The Baton and the Score
LOIS SLYDER—A Dispatch from Reilly's
CAROLYN SLYDER—Mary Todd Lincoln
FRANCES WHEELER—The Federal Theatre
HELEN YATES—Station WSA calling U.S.S. Constitution
BLOSSOM ZEIDMAN—Meet Mildred

